

ARTMENT

Trade Rules:

instance, Cape, state size or Bonnet, state size
order is less than one dollar.
charge on all orders over one dollar, except
is up or out from place,
which is full or part of order, the balance is liable
to us before we are shipped.
Herbert H. North,
Innes, owing to distance.

SPECIAL LINES THIS WEEK!

S. A. Toilet Covers
with Army Crest
and Motto,
Each 25 Cents

A Host of Badges
worked in Colored
Silk.
Will look well on your coat
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You'll look Up-to-date
in one of Our FAB
CAPS.

\$2, \$3.25, \$4, \$5, \$5.50, \$6,
\$6.50, and \$7 each.

SOMETHING NEW

FINGER TESTAMENTS,
Morocco Cover, Gilt Edges. 60c.
Smallest that can be bought.

A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

"The Officer."

Twelve Months' Subscription to "The Officer," and our "Document of the SALVATION ARMY" (Cloth Bound), for 80c.
This Offer is only good until Xmas.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE SALVATION ARMY, NO. 39, PEEL STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO, AND IS DEDICATED TO THE SPREADING OF THE GLORIOUS WORK OF SALVATION AMONG THE CANADA, NEWFOUNDLAND, AND NORTH-WEST ASSETS.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST NEWS OF THE WAR, AS ARTICLED BY THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS. There is no more effective way of spreading Salvation than by increasing the interest of the men in the War. It is a means of easily感动 and identify the devotion of the army, but to arouse all who read it to a sense of towering and energetic attack upon the enemies of God. Officers and soldiers are invited to send the blessing of our Lord and Saviour, the Christ.

Printed with all S. A. publications, by W. H. Green, at the S. A. Patriotic House, 18 Peel Street, Toronto.



ADVANCE, - SALVATION ARMY!

Tid-Bits, Bright and Brief, Descriptive of Army Warfare.

Christ Came,

AND

**The Drunkard of 30 Years' Standing became
A NEW MAN!**

EX YEARS AGO, in one of our towns, some Salvation soldiers were on the march singing, "We're going home with Jesus."

Driving on the streets of that town that cold winter's night was a poor man a slave to sin, drink, and the devil.

He was a carter, and he was taking a load of barrels of beer to a liquor store.

The singing attracted him, and as he listened to the voices pealing out through the cold night air, "We're going home with Jesus," the Spirit of God took hold of him, and he said to himself, "Where am I going to?"

The answer came,

"TO HILL."

From that moment the Spirit of God took hold of him in a wonderful way. At last one night this poor, wretched wreck of a drunkard of thirty years' standing fell at the Saviour's feet and cried aloud for pardon. His wife, a rent broken and contrite heart, and soon the dark, black, guilty past was cancelled through faith in the precious blood of Calvary's Christ, and the poor, wretched sinner of a few moments before rose up a new creature in Christ Jesus. Oh, the joy! the light! the gladness! the life! the freedom! the liberty! that came after the second birth into the heart of this dear man, and now

FOR TEN YEARS,

through trials and difficulties, and persecutions of the most severe kind, this man has stood out before all, a living witness of the power of Bethlehem's Christ to save, cleanse, and keep to the uttermost.

Pray for everyone!

Please God for everyone! If you are a slave of sin, drink and the devil, don't despair. There's hope for you. Christ can deliver you from the chains that bind you, roll away the burden, bring you peace and joy, life and liberty. Oh, while His birth is being commemorated this Christmas-tide, you come to Him with all your sorrow, sadness, wretchedness, and despair, and prove to yourself that there is a real Christ to save from sin and woes. He is your only remedy, the only source of your happiness here and hereafter. Oh, my God! the Holy Spirit come to your heart and move you to repentance! Remember, YOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

ADJUTANT AVRE.

THE OPEN-AIR WARFARE.

The Salvation Army was born in the open-air, and there is no place to-day better fitted to train recruits, and make real live blood-and-bone soldiers than its birthplace. I have never forgotten my first ten hours in the open-air at the hotel where I had my first sleep, a week from home. To the last, the street battles have had much to do with making me a fighting soldier, than anything else. It is due to tenacity, respectability, fear, and a lot of other little devils. In small towns we are so apt to think because we don't have large crowds there is no use for open-air, but listen, here is the experience of a young woman last week in our town. She had been converted in the Army and was going to join the church, but felt her place was in the Army. While playing in her room about the matter, the Army

marched past and stopped on the corner. She rose from her knees, and watched them through the window, saying at the sight, "That is my judge." She has since given herself fully to God and the Army, and gives promise of a glorious future. At that open-air about twelve people were in sight.

CAPT. HEWITT.

Bang! Bang! Army Drum!

"THERE'S a show come, sure! Shall we go and see it?" said my companion, as we were nearing the place from whence proceeded a clatter of noise. We decided to go, and on our arrival we were surprised and no less disappointed to find a couple of girls, one playing a concertina, the other holding the colors which they then thought peculiar, but we have since learned to love, while an irregular bang! bang! bang! seemed to be the best production. Then the brother of the drum could begin forth. That drummer is the "XLCR," in my mind, of something I have heard before or since. My companion did not seem at all anxious to stay, and I guess we both would have preferred the show, but somehow I could not go away, for peculiar as it seemed to us to see these three people standing there singing the same chorus over and over again, still there was something I liked in the singing, although to-day I do not remember what it was, but I do remember that some few days afterwards I knelt at the cross, in the S. A. barracks, seeking forgiveness of the past, and making promises for the future.

Since conversion I have always considered an open-air meeting minus its best soldier if the drum was absent, and it makes to-day what first drew my attention to the Army. I say, "Why, the drum, of course!"

BEN BRYAN.

A NEWFOUNDLANDER IN THE WAR CRY WITNESS BOX.

The Smoking-Devil Frontispiece Fixed Him.

FITTED HIM LIKE HIS SOCK.

Hallelujah! Saved Through Reading the War Cry.

I BOUGHT a War Cry on the street from the Captain, he charged me to read it through. I took it home, hadn't time to look through it, so put it in my chest. Next evening after tea, I lit my pipe and settled myself down in a comfortable smoke. I took the War Cry to read, or rather to look at the picture of the tobacco devil that was on the front page—the devil I had so faithfully served for eighteen years.

Seeing the statement of the amount of money wasted by the use of tobacco caused me to consider and read more of its contents. I felt that somehow that Cry must have been printed **ESPECIALLY FOR ME, because it told me just like my socks, so, taking the pipe out of my mouth, I lit it down, saying I did, "BY THE HELP OF GOD I WILL SMOKE NO MORE."**

Although the struggle has been very tough, in the strength of Jesus I have WON THE VICTORY.

I am glad I bought that Cry. I love it with all my heart. It was the means of turning me from the paths of darkness and sin into the light and glory of God. I will keep that Cry as long as the dear Lord permits me

to live. Now, after giving up one sin, I thought I must give up the lot, so, one night, shortly after reading the Cry, I made my way to the Army pentitent-form. There I gave my all to Jesus, bless Him! He pardoned all my sins, set me free, and now I am as happy as I can be.

Smokers, this same experience is for you if you will only give your heart to Christ. May you do so, is the prayer of a sinner saved by the blood.

A. J. FELLOWS.

THE Cove, Newfoundland.

Army Bands.

STRONG EVIDENCE IN THEIR DEFENSE.

Four Questions Successfully Answered, by an Old Bandmaster.

1. WHY DO YOU PLAY?

I asked myself the question, "Why do I play?" The answer came, "Because I can be the more glorify God and extend His kingdom by so doing, and that I am obeying God in using the talent that He has given me." I believe with all my heart that God uses these weak things to confound the mighty. What is music? It is the essence of harmony. What does it do? It helps to give unity and cheer on the low-spirited and makes people think of better things. I say that these things should be accomplished, that people should by these means be brought to know God and serve Him.

2. WHAT ADVANTAGE HAS A BANDSMAN?

He has none. If he has only the talent he can use it for God, not carry it up. People will look and watch him as he walks up the streets with his instrument under his arm and his uniform on. They say to themselves, "There goes a Salvation Army bandman." What is the meaning of salvation?" They might as well say, "There goes a man who plays for God." God has given us this grand privilege to use Him with the instrument, and if we are not used good at preaching and singing, what do we want in the playing of our instruments for that. On what great chances we have! All other bands outside of the Army are looking at us. They give us all kinds of instruments to come and play with them and offer us money if we would do so. But at the same time they like our stickability in staying in our right place, and often wish they were like us. I tried to content myself once in playing in outside bands, thinking it was all right. I thought I was getting lots of money. I was promised to be saved at the same time, but instead of getting on all right I found I was getting all wrong in my soul and pocket. Thanks to God, He gave me the victory. I warn any who think there is no harm in it to take warning from one who has tried it.

TONY WHIPPLE.

Likes the Army.

I remember a dark and sad hour in my life, when walking through the streets of a great city, I met a band of Salvationists on the march. As I looked right and left wondering if any man cared for my soul, they commenced to sing:

**"Whoever will in this coast may share,
In my Father's house there is bread
and to spare,
Come to Jesus!" etc.**

That chorus was a blessing to me, and to-day I am a better man for having heard it. I passed on to another city, where I found a young man alone, betrayed and in poverty. There was a Salvation Army there, and I felt that he would be all right, and so I took him to the Home, and he was well cared for. I have no doubt, in the next city it was a Salvationist who received me into his house, and who would not take anything in return.

As I, a stranger and inexperienced, was nearing a city where I would hear the train at midnight, I felt anxious about finding decent lodgings. Somebody told me that there was a Salvation Army woman who kept a lodging house there. I determined if I could find her, for the word "Salvation" was guaranteed enough for me. But how should I find the house? I would keep a lookout for a Salvationist at the station. I felt that if I could find a Salvationist I could be sure to trust him. I did, and found him. Some months ago I had in the Army's rear house a distinguished man, by the name of S.S., of course. And just there I lost my portfolio for Salvation Army uniform. I had always said that there was but one mark necessary for a Christian, the one Jesus gave when He said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one toward another." But I found the Salvation Army uniform an excellent indication on that dark night in Brussels. And after two weeks' experience I sold what I still believe, that I had found what for me was the best lodging-house in the city.

These are a few of the many reasons I am prepared to give to those who from time to time ask me why I like the Salvation Army.

S. J. MUSHER, Holland.

Never reason with the devil.

3. WHAT HAVE ARMY BANDS DONE?

I think I can say without contradiction that our Salvation Army band is one of the greatest powers used by God that we have to meet our end, in getting people to think about their souls. What has been the means of doing? Thousands of once hopeless souls have, by the sound of the drum or the band, been drawn to the Army barracks and been made to think of their souls. As in the killing armies, the band is to help in times of war to cheer the soldiers and to infuse hope in their breast, so I say that it is a help to our soldiers and our Army in the same way, a cheering and soul-inspiring power.

4. WHAT DO THE BANDS SAY?

They love the band, love the boys that are in it, and if it were not for the band they would not be with us. It is the band, that, and that is why they come to the Army. If they weren't at the Army they would either be at an hotel or some place like it. So by the band we get hold of these bands. They envy us, and only wish they were with us.

FRED WOODGATE.

-Faith can only be held as the evidence is clear.

-Confidence in God and self-distrust are sure companions.

-The latter goes with the sweat in the Salvation Army war.

-He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will break a string in the room, and will be a Slave, when he will have forgotten the cause.

The great outlet of sin is the tongue; the hands, the ears and eyes and the mouths of all in the hereafter; therefore let grace rule your heart and the whole man will be subject

Army Bands.

STRONG EVIDENCE

IN THEIR DEFENSE

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2.—WHAT ADVANTAGE HAS A BAND?

He has many. If he has only the one item he can use it for God, not cover it up. People will look and watch as he walks up the streets with his instrument under his arm and his uniform on. They say to themselves, "There goes a Salvation Army bandman!" What is the meaning of salvation? They might as well say, "There goes a man who plays for God." God has given us this grand privilege to praise Him with the instrument, and if we are not much into what is meant in the playing of our instrument for God, off, what great changes we have! All other bands outside of the Army are looking at us. They give us all kinds of inducements to come and play with them, and offer us money if we would do so, but at the same time they like our tickle-fingering in staying in our right place, and often wish they were like us. I tried to content myself once in playing lots of money. I thought I was getting lots of money. I was prodding to be saved at the same time, but instead of getting on all right I found was getting all wrong in my soul pocket. Thanks to God, He gave me the victory. I warn my who think there is no harm in it to take warning from one who has tried it.

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4.—WHAT DO THE BUMS SAY?

They love the band, love the boys, but are in it, and it's every mother's band they would not be with. It's like they want, and that is why they come to the Army. If they weren't at the Army they would never be at the hotel or some place like it. So by the band we get hold of these bums. They envy us, and only wish they were with us.

FRED WOODGATE.

—Faith can only be held as the confidence is clear.

—Confidence in God and self-distrust are sure companions.

—The bitter goes with the sweet in the Salvation Army war.

—He who fails to present duty rests the thread in the loom, and will find it broken when he will have forgotten the cause.

—The great outlet of sin is the tongue; the flesh, the ears and eyes; the mistress of all is the heart. Therefore let grace rule your heart, and the whole man will be subject.

PENITENT- FORM ECHOES!

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

It was a sight that must have gladdened the angels and set heaven's joy bells ringing.

'Twas a Sunday morning holiness meeting. In all, eight knelt at the cross. Two who knelt side by side especially attracted my attention, one a poor, fallen girl.

No doubt many struggles to do right had gone on in for some before her courage had brought her, as a first volunteer, to the penitent-form.

Prize God for a Gospel which reaches the outcast and delivers from the bondage of sin!

The other who lay in good position was wife of an汇报er. For eight years she has known what it is to be saved. When she came to Christ not only did she experience His giving grace, but a great work of separation took place, and the world, with its social pleasures, lost all its charm for her. Her life has been given up to a great extent to philanthropic effort and the amelioration of the woes of the poor.

But though she was devoted to doing good for others, there was in her own heart the consciousness that the roots of sin had not been really eradicated.

She volunteered to the cross, and by definite yielding of herself to do the perfect will of God, and claiming of the blessing by faith, she was able to rise and say: "Not only do I believe that He CAN do this for me, but I WILL do it, but just now I believe He DOES it."

On for more definite shouting at our penitent-form! Especially on the question of holiness, there is such a need of seekers understanding that it is not FEELING but FAITH which is the essential to a living experience of God's indwelling power. That seems to be such darkness on this point.

If there could be a clearer conception of the truth that TEMPTATION IS NOT SIN, but that though the soul is delivered from the roots of sin is still subject to temptation.

The body is subject to disease, and can only be fortified against its throats by being kept in a healthy condition, so the soul can only be kept free from sin by a daily, living faith in God's indwelling power.

The feelings, which are so much trusted by many, are not only ONE of the fruits of that Spirit's abiding HOLINESS IS NOT A SENTIMENT!

Another instance which illustrates the same thought:

This time a Sergeant. For months he had been seeking the blessing.

A short time ago he came to the penitent-form, with several others. It was a struggle to do so. Why? Because he had been there before. Listen to his testimony in the next holiness meeting:

"I have found out it is according to your FAITH, comrades, that God blesses you. When I asked Him to take away my temper, He did it."

"Then I came to Him on account of my pride. I believed He would do it, and He did take away my pride."

Last Friday I sat there was still something troubling—I did not know what, but I just gave myself time fully, and by faith I claimed His promise, and He sanctified the gift."

This is not what so many struggle in their consciences trying to get the blessing, pleasure, not understanding where they look. If such an one craves this brother's testimony, do as in olden times: GIVE YOURSELF, AND STEP into a life of faith in that.

—H—

The next is an elderly lady. As we stood to sing—

"Over the waves to Thee, dear Lord,
Over the waves to Thee,
At last, at last, I come, I come
Over the waves to Thee."

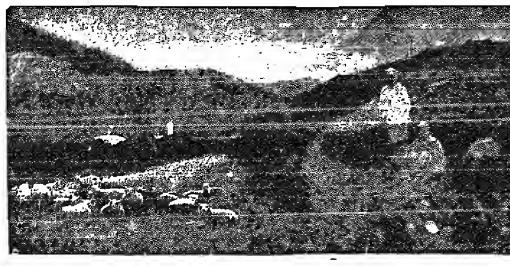
she pushed through the crowd. After pausing earnestly she rose to her feet exclaiming, with clasped hands, "Oh, friends this is where I've been trying to get for ten years."

I was converted ten years ago in England, and ever since I have been trying to speak for Jesus. Never did so before. Oh, praise the Lord!"

—H—

I met the next sister on the street one evening in a western city.

THE WAR CRY.



"While shepherds watched their flock by night."

Oh that that was the only case! But no; there are many who are struggling in darkness under a shadow of fear and perplexity.

You don't understand holiness because you are unwilling to obey.

You are in doubt because of your unwillingness to walk in the light.

Rise up! Fulfill the promises made to God. Keep your vows.

Comply with the conditions and He WILL accept the offering and sanctify the gift.

Oh, the blessedness of an obedient life, a life hid with Christ in God.

ALMOST LOST!

HELP! HELP! HELP!!!

H The cry rang over the waters that dark winter night. Splash, splash, splash, the oars of the rescue party sounded as they pulled towards the wreck, guided only by the cries for help from the struggling, drowning sailors clinging to their doomed vessel.

There was no star in the sky, no lamp on the wreck.—In fact, this was the darkness of their trouble; they had neglected to bring their lights, and the steamer on which they stood, having no knowledge of the whereabouts of the small, miff vessel, with its crew of eight men, struck her and

CUT HER COMPLETELY IN TWO.

The men may have been sleeping, but if so, they were quickly and rudely awakened to face the grim reality of DEATH in expectation.

Their rescue was accomplished, and I had the joy of seeing these eight men landed one by one on board the steamer.

That was nine years ago. I then stood on board that steamer, a cadet, bound for London. A few hours before, I had left my soldier comrades in my home in Scotland, and a few hours later I was landed amongst my eager comrades in the Clapton Training Home in London.

But the scene of that dark night, with the crash of the collision and the cry for help was not without its lessons to me. I saw all around me struggling, sinking, drowning souls, who had been wrecked on sin's dark sea of despair, and whose every oath, and curse, and blasphemous, had cried for "Help."

This is Christmas season. Christians celebrate the coming of Him Who was born King of the Jews. The world strips its machinery, closes its factories, locks up its banks today, and the church bells chime.

But stop! It is not all ringing of church bells, singing of anthems, and shouting of Salvationists. Past these very churches and Army barracks there rushes a motley throng, whose drunken song and coarse profanity form a strange contrast to the real Christmas spirit. It is true that revelry and debauchery are not without their songs of joy, but truly it is a joy born of ignorance, for all they but know their true state before God that their ribald songs would be turned into

DESPAIRING WAIRS

to God for salvation.

Our day commands, Salvationists, in whose hearts the Morning Star howls, can we not become more desolate in our endeavor to save men and women from their sin and its awful consequences? We are a rescue party. Do we bear the cry for help, and, more important still, do we heed it? Let us this Christmas learn a lesson from our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The servant is not greater than his Lord. Then surely the servant should be as devoted and zealous as his Lord, and as the Christmas stars shine, and the Christmas songs are sung, and the Christmas dinners eaten, let us remember that He Who instituted Christmas, by exchange of places for a stable, a throne for a manger, a crown for a cross, did not do so without a cause. His heart was moved with pity as He looked on the poor, despising world, and to bring His red bone within the reach of each He gave Himself a ransom for all.

Shall we not follow Him?

—HENRY ANDREW HALL.

MY COVENANT!

BY MRS. H. H. BOOTH.

A Prayer Suitable for Watch-Night Services throughout the Dominion.

O LORD JESUS: At this, the first night of a New Year, I desire to come before Thee in the spirit of strict humility. I can plead nothing but Thy love, hope for nothing but Thy mercy, allow to nothing but Thy Cross. Because Thou hast bid me come, I kneel with confidence at Thy feet, and make with Thee a Covenant, to which I desire to be true till I die.

Help me, Jesus, by Thy Spirit, and give me grace to fulfil my vows. I promise that during this new year I will be SINCERE. I will not be false in word, or deed, or thought. Should I fail, I will not hide my fault. Should I sin, I will not cover my wrong. Should I be mistaken, I will not deny my lack of wisdom. Should I be enlightened, I will not cease to remain in the dark. I will seek to be before Thee openly at all times what Thou knowest I am at heart. Deliver me.

Thy Kingdom, my will to do Thy bidding, me, taking salvation to the end of the coming year. Make 1896 a period in thy life of perfect peace, holy gladness, courageous service, and glorious victory, and grant me Thy blessed presence all the way, so that, should it please Thee to take me at Thyself ere the dawn of another year, I may go to meet Thee without regret or fear.

Through Jesus, my Saviour, I ask it all, in Whose strength I rely to carry it out. AMEN.

Sister across the rolling ocean, in the Old Land.

There was gladness in that home, for had they not thought him dead for nineteen years?

The sister wrote to the officers thanking God that through the Army's instrumentalities the lost was found and the dead was alive!

Well, in this particular holiness meeting he felt he ought to take another step, so he came out voluntarily, and the next day he was received into the Army.

"His blood can make the sliest cleanest by destroying the specific for play and drink, but let his soul 'break through the iron bands of sin' and give this professional gambler a 'clean heart, and enable him to live without sin."

The last testimony comes not from the meek-soul, but from a person who had been a notorious scoundrel, who had written out the visitors. It reads: "I settled it in that meeting. It was quickly and deliberately, but for His sake."

"This from a comrade who for two years has tried to shew his responsibility and God's call.

A few weeks previously he had got

WHY DO I WEAR UNIFORM?

THE QUESTION is sometimes asked, "Why do we wear uniform in the Salvation Army?" Well, there are different answers to that question, all amounting to the same thing in the end.

First, I would say we are a band of saved men and women, whose mission is to save souls from sin and its consequences, in and through the power of God. Our organization is modelled after military armies. The first duty of any Army or the Salvation Army is however a band of armed Christian uniformed policemen. And others wear uniform, not merely for the sake of wearing it, but as a distinguishing mark, and as a badge of authority, and so it is a distinguishing mark for a Salvationist. It says to the world, "I am on the Lord's side, I am saved from all my sins, separated from the world, and set apart for God's service." Some may say, "I can truly be a Christian and not wear uniform." Well, that is possible, but I sincerely believe that we can be more of a blessing to the unsaved by wearing uniform, if it is an outward, visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, if it is the mark of a holy life. Of course there is abuse, but any good thing can be abused. My testimony is that it is a great help to the young converts, first starting out. It helps them to come to Christ in a way that is simple, and breaks the ice as it were, and that means a great deal. A cross taken up, which helps to make him bold and courageous, and strong in the strength of God and in the power of His might. And also we have the authority of God's word that Christians ought to be peculiar in their dress, that it should be very simple and humble, but what do we see but the reverse, in the great majority of cases, fashion and worldliness, no dividing line between God's people and the world? This state of affairs is directly against the word of God.

It is also a great advertisement. It speaks when we are silent, it proclaims salvation, it sets people thinking about eternal things, and a way is very often opened up to speak to the unsaved about their souls. What is the reason that some so-called Christians swear when they see a Salvationist in uniform? They do not know why they see a polished uniformed soldier, but a Christian in uniform seems to stir them up quite a bit; it condemns them, and they don't like it. It is a great thing to stir people up and make them think of salvation. There is then some chance of getting them saved.

These are a few answers to the question, why do we wear uniform?

SERGT. CASHIN,
War Cry Regular Correspondent at
Hullus.

Toronto League of Mercy Links.

On looking over our figures for the last two months, we find they show forty visits paid to the different institutions; one hundred and seventy people read in and prayed with; two thousand two hundred "Crys" given away, besides various letters written for the inmates, messages carried to friends, etc., and our hearts thank God for our grand opportunities, and we pray for grace to make the very best use of them. Any reader having a friend, or anyone in whom you are interested, in the Hospital, if you will let me know, we shall be most happy to see him pray with him, and do anything in our power to make his time of suffering a little lighter. Now, don't be afraid to ask us, as that is exactly what we exist for, and very proud are we of the fact. Truly it is work that angels might covet.

MRS. ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

Live louder than you shout.

A compositor at a printing office was setting in type the verse of Scripture: "And Daniel had an excellent spirit in him." But he made it read, "And Daniel had an excellent spine in him." Good. We want men of this excellent spine to-day.

A Letter of Christmas Greeting and Good Cheer, from

MRS. BOOTH.

MY DEAR COMRADES:

Yet once again we have reached the eve of another Christmas, crowned with blessing. Once more, with thankful hearts, we commemorate the lowly birth of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

Glimming backward at the year that has flown so quickly, we can only repeat, "surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life."

What innumerable tokens of the love of our Heavenly Father have been showered upon us! How infinitely better our Lord has been to each of us than we have deserved! When we compare our life with what it might have been, but for the riches of His divine grace, we can only throw ourselves into His arms with an overwhelming sense of deepest gratitude, and with renewed consecration, to press forward in joyful service, never wavering, or turning to the right hand or the left.

A beautiful blessing came to my soul one early dawn, not long ago, as I lay, feeling very much troubled and perplexed with harassing circumstances. Suddenly, in the stillness, my little clock, that chimes the hour with a time, began to sound out slowly and sweetly the notes of the song:

"Trusting Thee ever,
Doubting Thee never."

As I listened to its playing, I pledged myself more than ever to put in practice the principle of the chorus, and to walk henceforward ABRAHAM-LIKE, in the darker moments of my life as well as in the light.

With the eye of faith we may always see "THE STAR" before us, shining as clearly as did the Star of Bethlehem long ago, directing unerringly the path we should tread, and our heart is still fearlessly to follow, even tho' it may seem to point through the wilderness.

Let us walk by faith, training our souls for the skies. We must learn to measure earthly things with a heavenly measure. Let us not expect to correct earthly failings by earthly activities. We must lift up our eyes to the hills, whence cometh our strength. Let us seek to control our spirits that we may be wrapped up none in the interests of Jesus Christ.

The things of time are passing so rapidly! Life is so short! Comrades who were with us have passed away from our sight. How little did our dear sister-warrior, Staff-Captain

Jones, imagine, a year ago, that it was her last earthly Christmas, busy as she was, working for others early and late, and yet she has gone, and we cannot help but wonder who will be the next. It may be you, or it may be me. When this season returns again there will be some vacant place, some empty chair. Our turn must come, and then, oh, how small the affairs of earth will appear to us from the verge of the river! How foolish and blind we should be if we set our affections on this world's goods, which must surely slip away from the grasp of our fingers!

Let the fervent prayer of our hearts be that we may live so near to Christ as the days go by this coming year that we in our turn may shine, each in our different spheres, like little stars, forever pointing CALVARY-WARD.

And now, since you have tasted of His love and mercy, what will you do in return for Him? What have you for Him? How does your heart respond? Some people are constantly aiming to find out HOW MUCH they can sacrifice for the Kingdom of their own comfort and ease, and yet retain their profession as Christians; but the true child of God is forever bounding forward to discover HOW MUCH HE CAN GIVE, how much he can do or suffer. What gifts have you for the Lord of Bethlehem? Will you bring Him your time, your strength, your youth, your talents, to be used for His sake in the service of your suffering fellow-creatures?

For the little ones who languish At a drunken mother's breast; For the prodigals in anguish, Seeking hopelessly for rest. In the name of Him who cherished Even the least, and even you, If you feel His claims are pressing, Tell Him now, what will you do? Bring Him the gift of YOURSELF, with an complete a surrender as some one who said:

"I RENOUNCED FOR LOVE OF HIM EVERYTHING THAT WAS NOT HE, AND I BEGAN TO LIVE AS IF THERE WAS NONE BUT HE AND I IN THE WORLD."

Then, having settled it for eternity, go forward as a true herald, a messenger of Heaven proclaiming "good tidings of great joy" and the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men," and a Saviour born mighty to save.

Finally, let us all stand shoulder to shoulder, united under the banner of love, never losing sight of the main object of our Army's existence — the salvation of men and women.

Oh, my comrades, how many souls will you pledge yourself to lead to Him before another Christmas comes? We must rest content with no other aim but this in the coming months.

May the Christ of the manger, the Christ of Gethsemane, and Calvary, be with you. May the Lord cause His face to shine upon you, so that your life's darkest night may be turned into day with the glory of His presence.

May this be the holiest and happiest Christmas you have yet known, pray.

Yours, living to serve,

CORNELIE BOOTH.

Sanctification.

By THE LATE MARIA SIMPSON.

BY THE ALMIGHTY GOD; walk before me, and be thou present before me, Gen. xvii, 1.

Then, if sanctification unattainable in this life, as the majority of religious teachers would have us believe? Surely not. To our comfort, let us take this beautiful command and clasp it to our hearts, saying, with one of God's servants of old, "Lord, give what Thou commandest, and command what Thou wilt."

"For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to shew Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him," 2 Chron. xvi, 9.

We cannot sanctify ourselves. The Salvation Army gives no uncertain sound on that or any other matter. It teaches that sanctification is given on the four conditions of conviction, renunciation, consecration, and faith. See "Rules for the Salvation Army Soldiers"—a blessed little book! Is the strength of God's Spirit, and in His strength alone, can those conditions be fulfilled. Then God sanctifies. God does the work. Glory, hallelujah! May He do it for us all! Keep believing.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," Matt. v, 48. Impossible you say. Of course, utterly impossible if attempted in your own strength. Commit it to Christ. Commit the matter of your sanctification to Him, just as you did your salvation, your pardon. Let Christ, by His Spirit, take full possession of your heart. He is longing to do so, and you will find to your joy that He will soon make that heart a veritable little corner of His Kingdom. He will fill it with His blessed presence and love, and make it too hot a place for Satan—aye, and for self, too! Note, none but an indwelling Christ can cast out indwelling sin. But He can and will, by His Own Holy Spirit. Again I say hallelujah! Blessed Lord Jesus, sanctify us all!

Note.—Maria Simpson was a child of God of rare saintliness. She could not sleep from her bed for years before her death, which occurred at the Home for Incurables, Toronto. She was aware of it as a soldier under the Army colors while lying in bed. Mrs. Booth performed the ceremony, also sang some of her beautiful songs with autoharp accompaniment, much to the delight of the suffering saint. Her pain was at times excruciating, and it is probable that this very article for the War Cry was written while the writer was in intense pain. The Christ Who came to Bethlehem, and returned to the right hand of the Father, pitied her, and took her to His royal court. She knows this old earth's agony no more. What glorious exchange!

The sinner may live in a calm, but he will die in a storm; he that lives graceless dies peccator—Watson.

Live with Christ till He becomes living thought, ever present, and will find a reverence growing which compares to nothing else; man's feeling.—F. W. Robertson.

Faith makes the Christian. Trial tests the Christian. Truth crowns the

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Rather than
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THE DEVIL'S PLEA AND THE ANGEL'S REPLY: OR, THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE EMISSARIES OF HEAVEN AND HELL!

BY THE COMMANDANT.

N.B.—This article was written hurriedly two years ago, but was not finished. It would never have been printed at all in its present form, as I don't consider it worthy of the "War Cry" for the fact that pressure of business has prevented my writing the intended contribution for the Xmas. Cry. Rather than disappoint the Editor, and at the urgent request of others, I send it forth with prayers for its acceptance.—E.H.B.

THE SOUL of man is the bone of contention between Heaven and hell. It is at once the object of infinite love and of diabolical revenge. On the part of God no sacrifice has been too great to save it, on the part of the devil, no deception too deadly to secure its destruction. For the heart of every single human being that battles fought out the death between the boundaries of the kingdom of light and darkness. The issues are stupendous. In the one case there is paradise; in the other the bottomless abyss. Both are eternal. But there is something behind all this. The struggle for souls is the result of a deeper conflict between principles.

RIGHT IS AT WAR WITH WRONG. Truth with falsehood, love with hate. Those who helpers the embodiment on the one hand in God, on the other in the devil. That is why the great case in the trial court of the human race is God versus the devil, and that is why the most tremendous of all considerations for every child of man is the rendering of his verdict to his own conscience as to which of these two masters shall receive his homage.

Suppose, therefore, in such imperceptible way as is possible to us, we permit these contending forces to speak for themselves. The devil of the night, who sweep the earth, gathering their harvests of

LOST SOULS SHALL STAND FORWARD

and witness to their mission and method. They shall not be permitted to deceive us, but shall expose their diabolical plans under the colour of their secret intent. Then in their turn shall those angles of day, whose mission it is to proclaim hope and light, stand forth to sing the burden of their song to the children of men. The audience crowded into our vast arena, which we will call the High Court of Eternal Verity, shall in imagination be composed of the popular—also constitute the jury and universal conscience the Judge. The witnesses shall be those angels pleading for hope, and those devils for despair; while the issue at stake is a world redeemed or lost. Stances then in the great assembly, while the first witness, with a leap of his black wings, insights on the tribunal from which the speakers are to plead their cause.

THE DEVIL OF GREED.

With haughty air and defiant expression he begins—

I represent all that wealth which belongs to this world, and my duty is to instruct my followers in the art of laying up for themselves treasures below, to go through the earth, temporal things, and the cord with which I do it is a gold one. I reason with them like this, I say—"Who would be happy must be rich. Be rich, and this world, in which others groan, and strive, and languish will immediately assume to you the character of a paradise. Be rich, and all men and things will conspire for your gratification.

WEALTH IS THE MAGIC WAND

by which you will rule the chances of your destiny. Be rich, and you will be great; be rich, and you will be revered; be rich, men will fear you, ergo in your presence and the low at your feet. Blest will be rottenness, cover indecency, conceal decay,



CAPTAIN LOWRY, LIEUTENANT McCANN, ENSIGN HOLMAN, Officers of the TORONTO SLUM BRIGADE, in their distinctive uniform.

In the Women's Shelter among our way-worn sisters, and in the Creche among the little children, they are

carrying out the Master's Divine injunctions. They are feeding the hungry, tending the needy, and caring for all those in want, trouble, or adversity; and all for love of Him Who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto my brethren ye have done it unto Me."

THE ANGEL OF RENEWAL.

"My mission in this world," began the speaker, from whose presence there shone a brightness seeming to illuminate the voice, "is to uncover the deadly faculty which you have just heard expounded. I am commissioned to show the race the true secret of happiness. That secret lies, not as my adversary would have you to suppose in having and getting, but in being and giving. Of the stupendous force of wealth none know better than I, for in my flights through the earth I see plainly how inert and empty can be made the journey to hell by those able to scatter their thoughts by the way. In my travellings to and fro among the children of men I come across the sumptuousness of the rich. I hear the sounds of revelling by night, and catch the chink of hundred millions by day, the homage, the power, the culture, the fascination belonging to earthly fortune are strange things to me, for alas! with the force of all such I have to deal, but—", the angel paused to emphasize what he was about to say,—

"Those of us

WHO INHABIT ETERNITY

knew how these things endure but for a season. They abide not the test of time. They are but dead ministers to dying senses. For brutes they might do; for undying souls they are unavailable. No man has yet fed his soul with husks, and be it known to you that the best of these material things are but of the nature of husks. This it is my supreme mission to proclaim. I visit the counting house, the resort of the money changers, the den of the usurers, the palace of the millionaire. I watch them worship their money bags, invest their capital, barter their stock, and arrange their future as if it were their own. I see them dabbled and沾ice and covetous and cheat, and I say to one and all,

WHY THIS FRENZY,

this tumult, this tying of your heart to things you cannot hold? These lands and houses, and fortunes are not yours; they can never be yours. At best you hold them on lease, but at longest the lease can last but four score years and ten. Moreover, you grasp them with quite an uncertain hand. No notice is guaranteed as to when you shall part with them, and while to-day, even to cash your accounts, you will not trust any but yourself, to-morrow your coffin is constructed, and you are not so much as consulted. To the millionaire I put this question: "Tell me, I say, what you shall feign your soul upon this certainty of stock; when robbed of reason so that you can no longer understand it; robbed of spirit, so that you can no longer see it; robbed of feeling that you can no longer enjoy it; when the grave has concealed you, and worms have consumed you, and men have forgotten you—then, 'Whose shall those things be?'" Having thus endeavoured, but often, alas, vainly, to convey to the consciousnesses of those whose souls I seek, the distinctions and limitations of time, I try to open to their mental vision something of eternity. Fresh from the throne of God, where the rapturous ecstasies of the righteous proclaim the true felicity of the soul, I live on

wings of the wind, carrying still the reflection of

THE STREETS OF GOLD

to the hotel of the widow. I find her weeping over the loss of her earthly store, but praying for those who stole it, and I understand how she is rich in unfilling wealth, and bid her be glad for her treasure in Heaven. After that I pass to the palace where I find the millionaire squandering his wealth in lavish living. I understand how in reality he is poor, and I bid him beware lest his glided playthings withdraw him his inheritance. So it is I am continually desiring how the first shall be last and the last first. But oh, how I lament the short-sightedness of men! Could they see as I see, how quickly would they understand the real significance of life. They have difficulty in perceiving that it is better to give than to get, and the deeds of love invested in the kingdoms of Heaven win an interest through eternity not to be for a moment compared with all the revenue that all the wealth of this world could produce."

So saying, the angel gave place to his successor.

(To be continued.)

HIS DEATH SONG.

JOHN HUSS, when the chain was put around the stake, said, with a smiling countenance—

"MY LORD JESUS was bound with a harder chain than this for my sake; and why should I be afraid of this old rusty one?"

As the fagots were piled up, he was asked to recant.

"No," said Huss, "what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood."

As the flames were applied to the faggots he sang a hymn with equal and so cheerful a voice, that he was heard through all the cracklings of the combustibles and the noise of the multitudes. At last his voice was stilled; after he had uttered the words, 'Jesus Christ, Thou Son of the living God, have mercy on me.'

Then he died.



JOHN HUSS, from the Shepherd's Field.



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Editor's Notes:

Hallelujah!
and Praise God!
Christmas Day again!
Accept hearty Christmas greetings.
May this Christmas eclipse all your
past ones in blessings received.

"Gloria! Gloria! in the highest, and
on earth PEACE, good will to all
men."

"Jesus! Jesus! the Son of man which Je-
sus the Lord." So said the angels
when they announced His birth.

So say we now. But there are
some for unquenched luxury, for
cruel poverty, and every human being
between those extremes. A RAV-
ISHING DOSE HE HAVE YE?

—H—

The soul,
A future state,
Think of these things.

—H—
Better love than that. Higher love
never comes, than that you should re-
ject Him, now that He has come.

—H—
As many as received Him, in them
have I given to believe the POSS-
SESSION OF ETERNAL LIFE to them that believe
on His Name."

Kingship!
A Saviour for whom?
For all? He gave His life a ran-
somed life.
People we are saved, then
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?

Cloud lets Heaven and came to
earth to save, and prospective death
did not scare him. "Are you
doubtful?—you country like this?"

It when He whispers—"Go!"

Our lawless hearts are dumb,
How shall He at the last
say, "Come, ye blessed sons!"

—Sel.

BROTHER. Secondly. Have you
ever taken a good look up the
past? This is the year 1854. What
is still an unknown name?

HAVE you ever in the glory of
secret prayer, looked in the face of Jesus
as He lay in the manger? Another He wants

YOU to speak to the brother—the
words of that life?"

WE come by
the old colony by
knowledge of the world, returning
to us again, but it was His benedict
spirit to strengthen us, for our many mis-
eries, contagious joy, overwhelming faith

and exhilarating expectation.

—WITNESS! God and certain hope."

They are about to go forth. The
moment tick of the clock marks the

departure of a soul—one for whom re-
brought the Lord Jesus, and His
name, for whose regeneration He sent
the Holy Ghost; and whose salvation
we have to do with, it was His benedict
spirit to strengthen us, for our many mis-
eries, contagious joy, overwhelming faith

and exhilarating expectation.

—AM! the Army, yes, the universe
says, "Yes!" They say all are responsible
that this gives no rest to me.

SALVATION ARMY WARFARE.



GOOD-BYE, COMMANDANT!

After three and a half years of heroic till, the Commandant at last finds an opportunity to speed across the ocean.

We are sure that very many who read these words will rejoice the departure of the Commandant, and the new Commissioneer, giving him journeys merdes Divine wisdom in the business of his command. We trust he will return with improved physical health for the fulness of the able response to the work as which the Almighty has called him.

—H—
"Good-bye" is the modern abbreviation for the old English "God be with you."

—H—

ARMENIA.

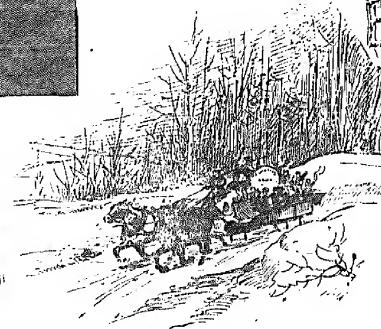
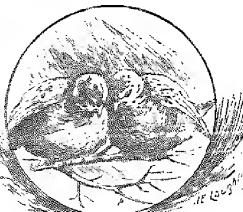
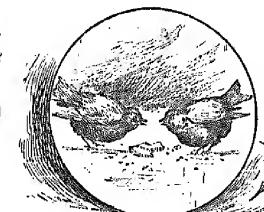
This old world has many a noted
spot on its surface but there is one
place above all others which at this
time is the object of the world's con-
cern—Russia, the Empire of the Czar,
throughout the world has been most
deeply touched through the rental of
the Armenian provinces since 1894. Five hundred thousand people
the newspapers say, have been killed
thus far, and the survivors, though
the abominable treatment the Armenians
have received from the Turks-Armenians, have been compelled
in the course of the depossessed
leaving nothing and having
nowhere else to go, have formed
a crew of robbers.

It is a brief description from a
newspaper correspondent of the Turkish method: "At last we have had
our turn. We found that, with Sha-
kik and Mount Ardash present, we

WING leading an ap-
peal against the Turkish
oppression. The latter had
met the former, and the
latter had to flee, and
of seeing a poor old sheik
of the destitute crowd and his
son, who had been compelled
to flee to pardon his son. R.
Morton, R.A., of Liverpool,
had just such a son, and he
has been operating in Britain

in his best by Mr. The
sheik, Father Tracy,
Peter Hanson, and others, with
the result that the sheik and his
son have been pardoned.

The sheik has just been



THE WAR CRY.

A SOUTH AMERICAN SCENE.



37 millions of people await the Salvation of Christ in this vast continent. Our present standing in South America is, 11 Corps and 40 Officers.

All-Night With God!

THE COMMANDANT
leads a Glorious Night of Prayer as a Farewell Meeting.

30 Souls Tell Out Their Needs to God.

As a sort of "an réveil" gathering, the Commandant and the local Staff, Sergeants, Pussons, and Field Officers of Toronto in the board room of the Temple, and gave us his parting blessing and intimation. About an hour after the Soldiers' Hall at the back of the Jubilee Hall, was well filled with about two hundred and fifty officers, soldiers, sailors, and a few others. With hardly an exception, every one stayed right through the meeting and we all went home together about 4 a.m.

The meeting started at 10.45, every officer and soldier, if no could judge by the hearty singing of the first song, possessing various spiritual appetites.

At 11.15 struck it eight when he prayed that we all might have a manifestation that God had command touched us. Two often did we go empty away, because we don't get a "touch" from God.

Many beautiful choruses were kept ringing in our souls, one after another, the idea in the Commandant's mind being that we must keep our eyes open. He told us if we could keep his uncle Gil after me in me, we would right for the rest of the meeting.

At 11.30 the Commandant took his Bible and expounded the story of the death, burial and restoration of Lazarus. With powerful argument, the Commandant brought us face to face with the real truth about the question of sanctification. How true with many a soul in that meeting that they had brought out their great resolutions, O Lord, I will serve You, etc., and limited them, the last being on the tombstone reading, "I can't have the blessing of a clean heart!" With many such convincing sentences were the consciences of those present brought to judgment.

As soon as the Commandant was through (about 12 m.) one after another were called upon to say a word or two on the blessing of a clean heart. There was no possibility of mistaking the trend of the meeting. The Commandant had been charged with the task of God, and well did that more than one singleness and was eager to unburden their hearts and obtain deliverance from loadish sin. The choruses, too, were so applicable. Such hearty singing of choruses like "aviour, my all I surrender," "I bring my all to Thee," and "Oh, say, will you take up your cross?" inter-

filled the spiritual atmosphere, until at 1.15 the Commandant got us all down before God in eager expectation. Then came the surrenders. One after another rose and told on the desires of their soul in prayer. The first was, "Oh, God, give me a clean and a pure heart!" followed shortly after by a singer's outburst cry for mercy. Every soul, soldier and Christian, all put in their share and received according to their faith.

At 2 a.m. we all rose and unitedly besieged the throne by prayer and song, the Commandant laying down the only true and right way to approach God and get an answer. It was a glorious time and Heaven seemed very near. Ah, how many souls will enter in their immunities that confession before God and their endeavours!

After a brief indulgence in coffee and bun, the meeting took a lively turn, the Commandant, however, not stopping except where the interruptions of Captain Adams and Lieutenant to the rank of Ensign and Captain respectively, God bless our Trade men!

At 3.45 a.m. the Commandant gave us his farewell address, which was full of kind thoughts and loving advice. After pledging our loyalty to the cause and to Mrs. Booth, who made the hedge during his brief absence, we give our parting cheer, and wended our way homewards, not the least bit tired, but all jolly happy, well saved, and more than ever in real good standing with God. May God bless our dear leader, give him a good passage across, a brilliant life over there, and a quick return!

THE COMMANDANT GONE!

Our Commandant left us for his brief visit to England on the 17th. Headquarters' Staff gave him a very hearty send-off at the Bulfin Depot. At the knee-hell in his office, he undertook to take over to England our pledges of loyalty to God, the Army, and our leaders. The Commandant said he would do as much and also tell his comrades there what he had learnt to think of us Canadians. We still eagerly watch for the English War Cry.

He is accompanied by Major Morris, who has for some time been anxious to visit the Old Land on some personal business. May God bless and protect our beloved Commandant and the Major, and bring them back to us in more than usual good fighting trim.

Don't let us love our influence thro' light and frivolous things.

It is quite possible for a person to preach to others and yet become a confirmed.

SALVATION INTERNATIONALISTS.

Brigadier Clibborn is in Africa. Major Swift has designs upon Scotland.

Captain Lagercrantz has artistic qualities of very good merit.

The Final Self-Denial is expected to realize \$1,700.

Adjutant Storey, invalided home from India, will assist on "The Offer."

Twenty new soldiers have been enrolled at Bala by Commissioner Booth-Clibborn.

They are now employed in connection with the British Trade Headquarters six hundred men and women.

There is a strong agitation on foot in Australia against the employment of barmaids in public-houses. Feeling is running pretty high pro and con, and the Army is backing up the reformers, of course.

The return passage of the General and party from India are already being taken. The steamer is the "Carthage," a fine liner.

Commissioner Ralton is engaged upon the preparation of a book for the Red-Hot Library.

There is a steady increase in the business of the Army Bank. Inquiries as to terms, etc., continue to come in from people in all stations of life.

At La Chaux de Fonds, Commissioner Booth-Clibborn and the Maréchal were received and marched through the town with a torchlight procession.

A saloon-keeper in Honolulu comes once and keeps order while we hold services in front of his saloon. He weighs 260 pounds, and a man must be bigger than he is to touch the Salvation Army.

A Lithographic Portrait of the General forms the triptych of the Tabernacle of the Word" (new series.)

Lately in procession the streets in Swiss towns are gradually being gained. At the Congress there was a splendid march through Lausanne with bands and flags, and in front three Commissioners of Police to protect the procession.

A Newfoundland Visiting Incident.

It was raining very heavy one night when a number of us had gathered at our Provincial Headquarters for a "candidate" council. The P. & A. was toasting, when a knock came to the door.

There was a hasty comrade in response. It was a master comrade in reality, the heavy rain had kept him away from the Master's business. She came to tell of a certain man who desired to be saved, as the doctor had given up all hope of his recovery. Doctor P. — and Cadet P. — were sent off to get him saved. They returned with joy, declaring his salvation. Between this and the time I went to see him he had doubted, thus falling into darkness and deep distress of soul, laboring heavily, too, at times, under exercising pain. After three-quarters of an hour dealing and praying, he finally was able to say, "I believe I am saved!" He was but a young man, had not yet met disease, quick complexion, turned him off to the tomb. He only lived a week to enjoy his new birth, regretting very much at the time his backsliding from God.

—

Brigadier, come back to the fold, for suppose you do have a chance to get right on a death-bed, you will forever regret your backslidings. Before we were through thanking God for His deliverance, some mortal shouted, "The doctor has come!" If the attention that is given to the body was directed to the soul with the same earnestness, what blessed results there would be as an example.

ENSIGN PAYNE

THE CHRIST SPIRIT.

A poor, abused wretch, lying free from a brutal, slave-driving master, and exhausted, nad tortured and wounded, sat in the bosom of Jesus, the Friend of the weary and heavy-laden. So oppressed he was with the weight of his sins, but derived, even through these afflictions, that lying dying, and seeing his master standing by, he eagerly caught the cruel hands of his oppressor and kissing them, said, "These hands have brought me to Heaven."

—

We shall never go to Heaven without striving.

NEVER MIND whether you think the Army is right or wrong; that is a very secondary consideration. The great question now with you is this: Am I right myself, how would it be with me if I were called this moment to stand at the judgment bar of God?

"Heaven is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Believe, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. Amen." — The Naval Farmer.



SALVATION, from the Chapel of the Navvies.

Robed in Flame



SECRETARY ELLIS, OBSCURELY ROBED IN FLAME.

I REMEMBER LAST CHRISTMAS.

LAST CHRISTMAS was a very sad indeed, indeed which cast a gloom over the whole community. A lady in Lottetown invited a number of us to her house. She had prepared a Christmas tree on which were lights. It was brightly lighted, and one of the guests, that boy of fourteen years, was covered with white cotton to represent

SANTA CLAUS.

While he was distributing gifts he happened to touch on top of the cotton wool lighted. It was a most melancholy sight. It was a most terrible comrade in reality, the heavy rain had kept him away from the Master's business. She came to tell of a certain man who desired to be saved, as the doctor had given up all hope of his recovery. Doctor P. — and Cadet P. — were sent off to get him saved. They returned with joy, declaring his salvation. Between this and the time I went to see him he had doubted, thus falling into darkness and deep distress of soul, laboring heavily, too, at times, under exercising pain. After three-quarters of an hour dealing and praying, he finally was able to say, "I believe I am saved!" He was but a young man, had not yet met disease, quick complexion, turned him off to the tomb. He only lived a week to enjoy his new birth, regretting very much at the time his backsliding from God.

For weeks his life was despaired of and he lay in frightful agony. He was a brave boy, and bore his sufferings manfully, and has now recovered.

I write this that it may be a warning to parents not to dress their children in this dangerous material. It is the second frightful burn that has happened in this town through putting on cotton as a costume.

There is a joy in helping every one experience Christmas, the joy of loving him whom the angels herald. And there is a white robe — a robe of His righteousness — which can destroy.

"For the angels proclaim That a Saviour is born To save a poor sinner."

Good tidings of great joy to people. M. T. T.

CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN

Oh, the Cruel Sea Water

IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY. Living in a small seaport, Nova Scotia. It was a very bad day, and the wind was blowing hard. Our dining room faced the harbor. All of us were seated at dinner, and the window looking toward the wind, remarking, "There is a vessel full sail, sailing away." The words were uttered when I saw her turn her stern side and go down with board.

A sudden squall had struck. We saw some of the men at the water straggling for boats soon put out to the but final only a very few could; others sank, to rise again. Two ladies were taken out, one beside the little lame man so that morning had been to come and speed him with his friends. I fear, said, remiss that "In the boat are in death," and that in death as we think best man is enough, and I heard the voice of God saying, "Prepare

Robed in Flame!

SECRETARY ELLIS, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

I REMEMBER LAST CHRISTMAS Eve, a very sad accident happened which caused a lady to die. The whole community, a lady in Charlottetown invited a number of children to her house. She had prepared a Christmas tree on which were presents. It was brightly lighted with tapers, and one of the guests, a beautiful boy of fourteen years of age, was covered with white cotton wool to represent

SANTA CLAUS.

While he was distributing the presents he happened to touch one of the tapers, the cotton wool ignited, and in a few moments he became mass of flames. Before the wool could be torn off his nose and body were frightfully burned.

For weeks he life was despaired of, and he lay in freighted agony. But he was a brave boy and bore his sufferings manfully, and has now recovered.

I write this that it may be a warning to parents not to dress their children in such dangerous material. This is the second frightful burning accident that has happened in Charlottetown through putting on cotton wool as a costume.

Hallelujah! There is a joy, a real joy, we may every one experience at Christmas, the joy of loving and serving Him. When the angels heralded out there is a white robe—the robe of His righteousness—which no flames can destroy.

"For the angels sing
That a Saviour was born
To save a poor sinner like me."

Bind things of great joy to all people.

M. F. ELLIS.

CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN OR —**Oh, the Cruel Sea Waves.**

TWAS CHRISTMAS DAY. We were living in a small seaport town in Nova Scotia. It was a cold, frosty day, and the wind was high and tempestuous. Our dining room windows faced the harbor. All our family were seated at dinner, and I remember looking towards the window, and remarking, "There is a vessel coming up the harbor full sail. She has it the breeze." The words were scarcely uttered when I saw her turn over on her side and go down with all on board.

—H—

A sudden squall had struck her. We saw some of the men and women in the water struggling for life.

Boats soon put out to their rescue but almost only a very few were rescued; others sank, to rise no more.

Two bodies were taken out of the water a few hours later, and at 1 a.m. that morning had left her home to come and spend Christmas with her friends. I felt avert, and fully realized that, "In the midst of the we are in trouble," and that in such an hour as we think not the Son of Man cometh, and I heard the voice of Almighty God saying, "Prepare to meet

thy God," "Be ye also ready," "Lo, I come quickly."

—H—

How many places are made for a merry Christmas, and how often these places are frustrated. How frequently sadness comes instead of joy, and in the very midst of pleasure, too.

SECRETARY M. F. ELLIS,
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Christmas Fare.**FRETFULNESS.**

In my last journey into the north all my patience was put to the proof again and again; and all my endeavor to please, yet without success. In my present journey I leap, as broke from chains. I am content with whatever entertainment I meet with, and my companions are always in good humor, "because they are with me." This must be the spirit of all who take journeys with me. If a dinner is served, a hard bed, a poor room, a short walk, or a dirty road, will put them out of humor, it buys a burden upon me greater than all the rest put together.

By the grace of God I never fret, I begin at nothing, I am disengaged with nothing. And to have persons at my ear fretting and murmuring at everything is like tearing the flesh off my bones. I see God sitting upon His throne, and ruling all things well. Although, therefore, I can hear this also—to hear His government of the world continually, found fault with (or in blaming) the things which He alone can alter we, in effect, blame Him; yet it is such a burden to me to be seen and without burden, and I bless that which it is removed.

The doctrine of a particular Providence is what exceeding few persons understand; at least not practically so as to apply it to every circumstance of life. This I want— to see God acting in everything and disposing all for His own glory and His creatures' good. I hope it is your continual prayer that you may see Him, and love Him, and glorify Him with all you are and all you have. Peace be with you all!—John Wesley.

Mind the Twig.

Near our barracks stands an elm tree, with two of its limbs tied in a knot by some one when it was very small. Now, after these years of growth, it cannot be untied, it has become too strong. No human power would what was so easily done with the twig.

Our children grow up to manhood and womanhood, with character and habits so strong and fixed that no human power can undo what was easily done or taught in their childhood. That applies to both good and evil.

I know a mother who once lifted her child on the counter to throw dice in a raffle, and when he won boasted of his cleverness, but now she is red hearted over a wayward and gambler son in that same boy. They take them to the theatre, ball-room, and other worldly places of amusement, which creates a desire in their hearts for the vanities of the world in many other forms. Many a week to-day can trace his downward career from the first taste of wine at father's table.



CHARLOTTETOWN FROM THE SEA.

FROM PICTOU TO GEORGETOWN—A Nova Scotian Sea Scene.

**HOLINESS DIAMONDS,
PICKED AND ASSORTED.**

BY J. K. MILLER,

Perfect love is death to vainglory.

Perfect love gives easy victory over every temptation.

Perfect love places Jesus at the head of all our affairs.

Love abides not for home returns; it simply pays itself in serving its beloved.

Many can love at their tongue's end, but the godly love at their fingers-end.

Love is the golden thread that runs through the Gospel—God's love to us, ours to Him, and one to another.

Your height as a living creature is according to the height and breadth of your love.

You can write it down as true, that wherever there is love there will be sacrifice.

Let love control your actions, reason be your guide, Never use a crucifix which a key may be applied.

We are never well informed of the truth till we are conformed to the truth.

A humble saint looks most like a citizen of Heaven.

Those trees which have their top branches of hope in heaven will have their lower boughs of activity on earth.

A true Christian not only does more than others will do, but he also does more than others can do.

Contentment does not consist in a lack of push.

SACRED RHEUMATISM.

For my own part, I would rather be drummer in the Salvation Army, and bang an old drum through the world for the salvation of men, than stand in the mightiest cathedral on this earth and preach the most glorious gospel to a handful of good old men and women, who are so old in the truth that they have got sacred rheumatism.—REV. THOMAS DIXON, U.S.

**THE
LADY WHO COULDN'T DO HOUSEWORK.**

An Incident which Shows You Cannot Judge a Lady by Her Clothes.

WE WERE OUT visiting in the shrimps one afternoon.

Down a back lane we found a woman living in a two-roomed house. We only gained admittance into one of them, and how we did get in, remained a mystery to me now. Scattered about the room was every bit of furniture they had. The old rusty stove was covered with dirty pots and pans, which I think were cleaned as often in a year as Christmas comes. Then there was an old box, a coffee tin, loaf of bread, and a spoon. The floor was entirely covered over with rags, dishes, old tins, etc.

We talked with the lady of the house, and she informed us she was a Christian. She told us quite a lot about the Bible, different religious affairs, and finished up with the astonishing information that she was never used to wash clothes, her sisters had always done it, and that the present time she was occupied with something more necessary than keeping her rooms clean. She was trimming a hat for herself.

This is only one instance out of many, and yet people say there are no sinners in Canada. Visit for yourself, my friend, and see if there is not enough sorrow and poverty, dirt and laziness, even here, in beautiful Toronto, without going to any other large city in the world. What we want is more courage with will consecrate themselves to God for the sinner, not to be a lady, but a servant of the Lord and lowly Christ of Bethlehem, and of these poor ignorant people.

JENNIE M. McCANN,
Lieut., No. II. S.S.C.C., Toronto.

**Side-lights
ON SOME OF OUR BOYS.**

Told by Tim.

You Can Hear More Such Down at the Barracks.

ONE brother says: "I got so drunk one time I went to the pamp to fight my men. But now I am saved and no brother pipe nor whistle."

Another brother I know who got so drunk he did not know his coat from his pants, but still he both knows and is able to pray for a good soul.

Another I met who spent at least \$2,000 per week in drink and debauch. Now he gives up \$200 per week to Jesus and His cause. His brother will sometimes even give ten dollars. This brother has been known to give as much as fifteen cents when there was a banquet and jubilee at his camp. Of course he cannot prophecy for an extra Virgin at all times.

Another man I met got so drunk he forgot his wages. He said, "I'll give off the money if I need it and answer the questions as usual, but don't be asked what I do in the Army."

"Nobody Cares."

A Christmas Message to Fashion's Votaries.

BY ALICE.

DO you roll with my hand till the long day is done? But then nobody glad for the bread I have won? Nobody smiles when I reach my lotto room, Nobody whispers, "I am glad you have come."

None my fingers with tender care; To bind back the locks of my mad, clustering hair; No love in your eyes when I come to you? "Darling, you're very enough for today." Though my shoulder's so bowed by the burden it bears, And I am so weary—there's "nobody cares."

Father and mother are cold in the tomb, With his hand and sister, for there's no room; Gullible and merciful, they strive to be, For a lover and friend hath but put far from me." The broad streets are full of the young and the gay Who know not the meaning of care; I see their kind voices and the bright loving eyes, I hear words of warmth and tender "good-byes," But nobody asks how the poor in her fare— I am so lonely, but—nobody cares."

This lonely and sorrowing, day after day, I must go on, and still the world goes by, I must ask ever more for my mite of bread, To nurture the life where all pleasure lies dead; No light in the building of my home, No hope in the shadow of my future I see,

But now I shall rest, for my work will be done;

And then—when death's pallor my shrank check

"Poor thing she is dead, but—there's "nobody cares."

Oh! who are happy in love-lighted homes, Where the demon of want or regrettaion never comes? Oh! who have bright, who have boun, who can ye know?

The long days of anguish, the dark nights of woe Which bring the heart to breaking, who can tell? Who dares tell and drop even at your next door? Can you tell how they feel who must feel lost They die,

Whispering from the cheek and the light from the eye,

Revolts, and they fall or are caught in the snare Which are waiting for those for whom "nobody cares."

Oh! note the wan and flushed features you see, Disgraceful to behold; if these are eyes might be only the coat of the face at your throat,

Or the ribbons and plumes which so elaborately float Over you thoughtless young boy was but living

To brighten the hours when these sad hours are spent.

And then the kindly words which you daily might speak, Bring a smile and hope that looks despairing, Who must strain about for whom "nobody cares."

Oh! turn from the diamonds you're coveting now, And purchase a treasure more fair for your boudoir, Go up to the suit that is best in the chest, Go bind up the wear which affliction hath estranged, For you'll find the joy that shall shed forth its radiance

in the joy that shall shed forth its radiance

for her, too, consoling the whispers of pride

It means the sufferer's bound and tired,

And lightens, oh! what like the burden which lies on

the shoulder of one for whom "nobody cares."

—Sgt.

POINTY WINNIPEG NOTES.

All alive, we are in for victory. Things are on the move, and the Province. As Winnipeg is a Sunday town, the people are not here.

The shelter crowd out every night this week, turning from fifteen to twenty every night. Last night over 1,000 were here. We are averaging 10,000 a day, and 25,000 sleeping accommodation at night. Have got a horse, harness and wagon. The way is opening.

Many are here, and some have turned out to be very good cases.

A friend passing through today stayed for meals at the Pointy Inn, and before leaving said the Victoria Shelter, "of course we can do it." What says Patterson? —A. J.

HUSTON.

Pacific Warblings.

FROM THE HEAD NIGHTINGALE.

WE ARE KEEPING ALIVE, thank Heaven I am able to make his life as hard and difficult as we can.

DOZEMAN has doubled his half-dollard results. Their target was \$200, but Capt. Woodrow has just added another \$100, making \$300. She is getting the last \$100.

ENGLISH CHORISTER, of Helena, does not want to be a star and is trying to get along. He says he expects \$200 a day. Will be a tough pull between the two.

I VISITED Missoula, our local shop. The prospect are getting brighter. A number of souls have joined us, and a real competition is existing. Between gathering and working, Capt. O'Neil and Capt. Morris seem to get the victory. The spiritual life of the town appears to be at zero. Lord, send a thaw!

THE CRUSADERS band has returned from their second trip through the Old Gold country. They have had a great time, and are now back again by the 1st. Perry's day starts. They held a series of meetings and contour meetings, having seventeen conversions. The band has come and gone again. This time they are in the mountains, and will be in the same district, Idaho, having their tour lined up to New Year as far as Missoula, Montana. What then will happen? You will see by watching the War. God speed them!

A FEW PALE WOLVES will take place this month. Capt. Stevens and Capt. Lester are going on a well-sustained. Preacher Prudential and Capt. Carroll, of

A SINGHALESE DWELLING.



250,000,000 of people in India and Ceylon, the majority of whom are non-Christian, await the advance of the Salvation Army. Pray ye the

Lord of the harvest to send forth His anointed messengers speedily.

Present Army standing in India and Ceylon = Corps, 151, officers, 510

New Westminster, has also gone on rest. Major W. H. has taken charge of Great Falls. Capt. Nichols has opened Killepoll, Monson, and Capt. Hamell London, too. We are rolling on, see our numbers

grow; that is swell! CAPE MILNEH will take charge of the Spokane Corps on the 23rd Inst. assisted by Capt. Gerreson, both of whom we heartily welcome to Spokane. We are heartily welcome to Spokane the friends filled with the spirit of Jesus to settle on who's they know they should have settled before, ready to give up their life talents and properties to save souls. No one in need of a situation need apply.

MAJOR FRIEDRICH.

NANAI CO.—Weekly Cottage Meetings at soldiers' or friends' houses. Captain Nichols.

CHINA POLICY.—Without ten-fold hindrance or odds a candidate to Whipple. Crowded hall at

BUFFALO.—Funeral service of Rev. Allen improved here.

BRANTFORD.—Units from Capt. Scottell and Capt. Phillips—splendid program.

NEWCASTLE.—Two more weeks. "No Retreat."

MONTGOMERY.—S. D. meetings at Marpole and Whitehead. Excellent Work. Splendid time at Births. Have gone over our range.

TIBDEN, MAN.—Baptist wedding conducted by Adj't. Hawley. Local officers commanded. Half-night of prayer. Glory!

NEWCASTLE.—Great times. A "social" meeting, followed by a "fellowship" and "The Life story of a Salvationist." Two more weeks.

MONROVIA.—S. D. meetings at Marpole and Whitehead. Excellent Work. Splendid time at Births. Have gone over our range.

THROUGH THE STATES.

New York L. raised \$1,300 towards the Self-Denial fund.

The committee in New Britain, Conn., recently created their audience to a "Messianic Typhoon."

National Headquarters is arranging for the opening of a Women's Shelter in New York.

ARMED FORCES OF NATIONAL FREEDOM.—is writing to the War Department for "Abraham Lincoln Day."

16.—Thanksgiving dinner was given about 1000 ex-prisoners in Philadelphia, Pa., by the Salvation Army.

In the Philadelphia, Pa., corps two recruits of the T. M. C. A. have just got the pneumonia and decided to give their life to the service of God.

The National War Fund recently gave the New York City Corps No. 1 a special offering in connection with the same service, and the corps gave up the Thanksgiving dinner.

Marion, N. J., has been opened with big bang. The opening services were welcomed on the arrival by the Mayor and the city marshal. The latter was present in uniform.

CORNING.—Death in the grave shadow—comes, and still leaves his mark.

GEORGE EASTMAN.—He gave up his life to the service of God.

TOURISTS.—To those who travel, the world is a garden; to those who stay, it is a prison.

COLLEGEWOOD.—The raiders have the same.

COLLINGWOOD.—The raiders have the same.

COLONIAL.—Engie Blackburn acquires a new home.

KINGSTON.—Still Capt. Southall and four ministers present and spoke on Sunday afternoon. Six o'clock.

WHITEHORN.—One soul Sunday afternoon. Six o'clock.

HATFIELD.—Half Capt. Scottell and Mrs. Pugh and Lantern Exhibitions. One on Friday night three times. Oval all sold out. (Was, why don't you go to the Armistice meeting?)

SPRINGFIELD.—Spring Heel Jack reports capture of the "Liberator" and the "Red Cross" and the "Terror."

THURSDAY.—Prayer meeting during 5-11 Week. 10 a.m. knee-lift on the Wednesday.

FRIDAY.—Two more weeks. "No Retreat."

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HE WHO FOR ME WAS BORN.

Tune—"From every stain made clean," B. J. 81.

1 O CHRIST the Nazarene,
Lived but as all men live—
Who, who, ah! shall make me clean,
And all my sins forgive?

(For Chorus—Repeat last two lines.)

If He, the Holy One,
Died but as all men die—
Then I, at least, am all undone;
In evil case am I!

But now, I know, I feel
His precious blood Divine
Hath power to cleanse, hath power
to heal,
This sin-sick soul of mine.

The SPIRIT and the blood
Bent with me my soul
That I am now a child of GOD,
And every whit made whole.

H. E. C.
Esperance Cottage, Perth, W. A.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Tune—"Come in, my Lord, come in," B. J. 27 and B. J. 16.

2 Let all unite to sing
The praise of Him, who came
From Heaven's high throne, that shineth
full moon.

Salvation might obtain
He is the Prince of Peace,
Immanuel His name;
As King of Kings and Lord of lords,
For ever He shall reign.

Chorus.

Come in, my Lord, come in;
And make my heart Thy home;
Come in, and cleanse my soul from sin,
And dwell with me alone.

Love unshakable
By Jesus has been shown,
In leaving for this sinful world
The glories of His home,
Though born in low estate,
Of royal lineage He is;
The Son-given King of Heaven and earth,
His righteous subjects we.

Then let us render praise
To God for what He's done,
In giving such a sacrifice,
His well-hated Son,
Oh, may for evermore
Our hearts to Him be given,
that we His will may do on earth,
As angels do in Heaven.

—Alexander Greig.

CHRISTMAS PRAISES.

Tune—"My soul is now uplifted," B. J. 118.

3 Come, comrade, sing and shout
for joy
This glorious Christmas morn;
Let holy, mirthful songs employ
Your hearts, for Christ is born!
Be bold to sing, bear for us
Earth's treasures and its shame;
To do God's work and save mankind—
Oh, glory to His name!

Come, comrades, sing and praise the Lord,
Let every heart be glad;
Ring out your song of praise to Him,
Why should one soul be sad?
He's come to bring us peace on earth,
To bury all our fear;
To take away all sin, and make
The way to Heaven clear.

We'll praise Him now for what He's done,

And what He still will do;
He'll take us to be with Himself,
To the end we're true.
We'll pledge ourselves to God afresh,
Upon this Christmas day;
Our service shall be nothing less,
But more continually.

S. M. L., Wick.

A FAMOUS OLD CHRIST-MAS SONG.

Tune—"The mistletoe bough," B. J. 116.

4 I once had a master, a bad one was he,
He promised me pleasure, but gave me misery;
I disliked his service, and gave him the sack,
He wants me again, but I'm not going back,
No, I'll never go back,
No, I'll never go back.
I had to work hard, and got very bad pay,
In fact, never was done, I worked night and worked day;
Got more kicks than coppers, was always in strife,
So I turned it all up for a far better life.
Yes, a happier life,
Yes, a happier life.
I'm under new management now, don't you see?
I've got a new Master, a good one is He,
His service is easy, good wages He pays,
And provides work for the rest of my days,
And a pension beside,
And a pension beside.

GLORY TO GOD FOR EVER.

Tune—"After the ball."

5 Come, hear the story I to you will tell,
How Christ the Saviour came here to dwell,
Left home and Heaven, where all was grand,
To be a Saviour for every land.
In David's city He did appear,
Sought by the wise men, who found
Him there,
Led by a bright star on Christmas morn,
In a lowly manger, Jesus was born.
Chorus.

Glory to God forever,
Glory to God on high,
Now He has found a ransom.
Smiles to Him draw nigh,
Glow the angels singing early on
Christians' morn,
Glory to God in the highest, Jesus
is born.

Outside the city, men watching sheep,
Hear the glad tidings while others sleep;
Forth from the heavens angels appear,
Singling to shepherds trembling with fear:

"Glory to God and peace to all men,
Go to the city called Bethlehem,
There in a manger, this Christmas morn,
You will find the Saviour, Jesus is born."

Joy fills the shepherds' hearts to the brim,
Down on their knees they fall before
Him;

Then forth announcing, "Jesus we've
found,"

Telling to all in village and town,
On goes the great news day after day,
Mark! Don't you hear it coming
this way?

You, comrade, heard it, no more to mourn,
Can't you hear him say, "I'm glad
Christ was born?"

—Cade Joe Tippet, Helena, Mont.

Seasonable Advice.

—In looking at what you are, don't forget to find out what you may be.

—Cut yourself clear of everything slimy or suspicious; carry no contraband goods on board the Lord's vessel.

—Set up a mark. Aim at it. Have an end in view. In all weather make for it.

—The test of a man is not in the amount of his endurance, but in its motives.

—To saturate life with God, and the world with Heaven, that is the genius of Christianity.

—If you are practically saved, God has a right to your mind and all your gifts; they are His property.

—Get it settled in your mind that you are a Salvationist for life, and never have a wavering thought about the matter. Be rather than suffer defeat.

—Heaven is made up of the cream of humanity.

—Be yourself. Don't imitate anyone. It will rob you of your spiritual power.

—There are hundreds of professors of religion who have not yet become religious.

—Faith is the good cable that stretched and strained does not break in the storm.

—Train being sanctified increase faith, and faith being increased again puts to trial.

—If we would be led into God, truth, we must put our neck like Christ's yoke.

—Be not anxious about little things; it thou wouldst learn to trust God with thine all.

—Christians should never forget that to win souls is their first business. All else is but secondary to this supreme purpose.

—The habit of denying oneself in little things gives a vigor of spiritual life.

—The greater amount of mental testing arises from anticipation & trait.

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Along the road to success, through the various trials and difficulties, He could not be separated from us.

As he was with us, so he is now, joining us in the battle to be the best.

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